Of wilde *Arabia* are as through-fares now,
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
The watrie Kingdome, whoſe ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven, is no barre
To ſtop the forraine ſpirits, but they come,
As ore a brooke, to ſee faire *Portia*.
One of theſe three containes her heavenly Picture.
Iſt like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation
To thinke ſo baſe a thought; it were too groſſe
To ribb her ſeare-cloth in the obſcure grave:
Or ſhall I thinke in ſilver ſhee's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalewed to tryde gold.
O ſinfu'l thought, never ſo rich a Jem
Was ſet in worſe then gold. They have in *England*
A Coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stampt in Gold, but that's inſculpt upon:
But heere an Angell in a golden Bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the Key,
Here doe I chooſe, and thrive I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince; and if my forme lie there,
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what have we heare, a carrion death,
Within whoſe emptie eye there is a written ſcroule?
Ile reade the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold.
Often have you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath ſold,
But my out-ſide to behold;
Guilded Timber doe wormes infold:
Had you been as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbes, in judgement old,
Your anſwere had not been inſcrold.
Fare yee well, your ſute is cold.

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour loſt,
Then farewell heate, and welcome froſt:
Portia adiew, I have too greev'd a heart,
To take a tedious leave: thus loofers part. *Exit.*

Port.

Port. A gentle riddance, d
Let all of his complection cho

Enter Salarino a

Sal. VVhy man I ſaw *Baſ*
VVith him is *Gratiano* gone
And in their Ship I am ſure *L*

Sola. The villaine Jew wit
VVho went with him to ſear

Sal. He came too late, the
But there the Duke was give
That in a *Gondylo* were ſeene
Lorenſo and his amorous *Ieſſi*
Beſides, *Anthonio* certified th
They were not with *Baſſanio*

Solan. I never heard a paſſi
So ſtrange, outragious, and ſo
As the dogge Iewe did utter
My daughter, ô my Ducats, ô
Fled with a Chriſtian, ô my C
Iuſtice, the Law, my Ducats,
A ſeal'd bagge, two ſealed ba
Of double Ducats, ſtolne from
And Iewels, two ſtones, two
Stolne by my Daughter: Iuſt
Shee hath the ſtones upon her

Salar. Why, all the boye
Crying his Stones, his Daugh

Solan. Let good *Anthonio*
Or he ſhall pay for this.

Solar. Marry well remem
I reaſoned with a Frenchman
Who told me, in the narrow
The French and Engliſh, ther
A Veſſell of our Countrey ric
I thought upon *Anthonio* wh
And wiſht in ſilence that it w

Sol. You were beſt to tell

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